

Ex. 100.



Rare Book Dept.

No.  

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The Public Library of the City of Boston.

LITHGOW (W.). The Pilgrimes Farewell, To his Natiue Country of Scotland: Wherein is contained, in way of Dialogue, The Joyes and Miseries Of Peregrination. With his Lamentado in his second Travels, his Passionato on the Rhyne . . . Farewels to Noble Personages, And, The Heremites Welcome to his third Pilgrimage . . . By William Lithgow . . . Imprinted at Edinburgh, by Andro Hart . . . 1618 . . .

Sm. 4to., *on the verso of the title a full page woodcut of the author on his travels accompanied by a servant; a fine copy in contemporary limp vellum* 1618

FIRST EDITION. One of the rarest of Lithgow's works, only three or four copies being known. The book which is in verse throughout contains some commendatory verses with the initials W. R. It is generally believed that they are those of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Britwell copy fetched £210 in 1923.



R. 7

PC

Josiah H. Cowen, Md
Jan 30, 1941
X



THE PILGRIMES · FAREWELL,
To his Natiue Countrey of
SCOTLAND:
Wherein is contained, in way of Dia-
logue, The Foyes and Miseries
OF PEREGRINATION.

With his LAMENTADO in his second Trauels, his PASSIO-
NADO *on the Rhyne, Diuerse other Insertings, and Fare-*
wells, to Noble Personages, And, THE HEREMITES
WELCOME to his third Pilgrimage, &c. *Worthie*
to be seene and read of all gallant Spirits,
and Pompe-expecting eyes.

By WILLIAM LITHGOW, the BONAVENTURE OF
EUROPE, ASIA, and AFRICA, &c.

Patriam meam transire non possum, omnium una est, extra hanc nemo
proijci potest. Non patria mihi interdicitur sed locus. In quacumque
terram venio, in meam venio, nulla exilium est sed altera patria est. Pa-
tria est ubicumque bene est. Si enim sapiens est peregrinatur, si stultus
exulat. *Senec. de re. for.*



Imprinted at *Edinburgh*, by *Andro Hart*.
ANNO DOMINI 1618.
At the Expences of the Author.



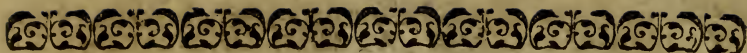


THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE,
To the nine Parnassian Sisters,
The Conseruers of HELICON.

You sacred *Nymphes*, which haunt *Parnassus* Hill,
Where *Soron* flowes, and *Demthis* run at will:
Out from your two-topt Valley shew me grace
And on the lower Listes meete mee apace.
Infuse in me the Veine, I gladlie craue,
To sing the sadde FAREWELS my SOYLE must haue.
And yee Supreames of this poore MUSE of mine,
As Iudges justlie censure this Propine:
I bring no Stones from *Pactole*, Orient Gemmes,
Nor Braggés of *Tagus*, singes of Golden Stemmes:
I search not *Iris*, square-spread clowdie VVinges,
Nor of the strange *Herculian Hydra* singes,
These Franticke Fansies, I account as vaine,
In Vulgare Verse, my FAREVVELS I explaine.
If I debord in Stropiate Lines, or then
In Methode faile, attache my wandring Pen.
This Veine of Nature, and a Mother VVit,
Is more than haughtie Schollers well can hit.
So this small Fondling, borne of your nine VVombes,
Turnes backe, and in your Bosome her intombes.
Then nurse your Youngling, and repurge her Veines,
And sende her backe in haste, to yelde mee Gaines.
In doing this, to you, and to your Fame,
I consecrate my Loue, and her new Name.

Tours, longing to bee drunke of Helicon.

WILLIAM LITHGOW.



To the courteous peruser of these my sad

F A R E W E L S.

DEARE Gentle READER, graunt mee this small suite,
Reade this ou'r kindlie, and no fault impute:

I cannot please the VVorld, and my selfe too,
For that is more, than brauest Sprites can doe.

Heere I am plaine, and yet the plainest way,
Is fittest for the Diuine *Muses* aye.

A greater VVorke, I meane to put in Light,
But *L O N D O N* claimes it of a former Right.

And if thou knewst how quicke, and in small time,
This VVorke I wrote, thou wouldst admire my Rime.

Thou mightst demaund the Reason why I sing:

And done; this Answer, I would to thee bring:

There's some that swear, I cannot reade, nor write,
And hath no judgement, for to frame or dite.

And to confound their blinde absurd conceat,
My *Muse* breakes foorth, to shew their Errour great.

These Calumnies, enuious VVormes spue foorth:

They grieue to see mee set at anie VVorth.

The Cause is this, These Giftes I haue, they lacke,

And from my Merite, they their Malice take.

O! if I might their Names in *Print* foorth set,

A just Reuenge, their just Desert should get.

But to the VVise, the Learned, and the Kinde,


The Noble Heart, and to the Vertuous Minde,

I humblic prostrate mee, my *Muse*, my Paines,

If I can win your Loue, there's all my Gains.

*To the Courteous, still humble,
And to the Knaue as hee deserues,*

WILLIAM LITHGOW:



Some Extemporaneall Lines,

Written at the verie view of this *Poeme* going to the Presse,
in cōmendation of the Author his Trauels and Poesies.

PRAYSE-worthie Pilgrime, whose so spiring Sprite,
Restes not content, incentred in one Soyle:
Thy Trauels past, though alwayes exquisite,
Diuertes thee not, from well-intended Toyle.
Two Voyages, of Wonder-breeding Worth,
And can they not enough thy Fame set foorth?

In thy first Course, thy restlesse Paines ou'r past,
The Rockie Alpes, and Mountaines Pyrhences,
High Atlas, Ætna, and Olympus wast,
With all those Yles, of Mediterrane Seas.
Olde Athens, Rome, Troy, Byzans, and Iudæa,
Ægypt, both Arabs, Desart, and Petræa.

Then chiefeſt things, of South, by thee were seene,
Both in the Yles, and in the Continent:
What rare in Europe, Africke, Asia, beene,
But few they are, therewith so well acquaint;
With Iordane, Nylus, and Euphrates strand,
And all the Rareties, of that Holie Land.

Thy Iourney next, did subject to thy sight,
The Emprours Boundes, and Germane States of Worth.
Braue Boheme, Transyluania, Hungar might,
And all the Nations, to the furthest North:
Great Rhyne, and Volg, from Danubie declynde,
The Hans Towns, Dans, Swenes, and Prouinces combynde.

What restes then, for thy restlesse minde to doe?
What Iourney next, then shalt thou undertake?

Where

Where shall thy neare way-weari'd Legges nowe goe?
And whither mindst thou nowe this voyage make?
All vnder Artike Pole, since thou not cares,
For Antipodes thy passage thou prepares.

And since nought can thy Sprite from Tranelles seuer,
Guiana marke, Virginia by the way,
And Terra de la Feugo eeke consider.

In fortunate Ylandes, pray thee make no stay,
Least thou, allur'd, by sweetnesse of that Soyle,
By Birth, that's due, thou so thy Countrey spoyle.

But what in thee most (LITHGOW) I admire,
Tis flowing Veine, of thy Patheticke Quill,
Fullie infus'd, with Acedalian fire,
Whilst to thy Soyle, thou singst thy last Farewell.
As Tranelles strange, doth Pilgrime, thee decore,
So Poemes rare, shall thee aduance farre more.

As deepest Daungers can thee not affray,
No Lyon, Tiger, nor stupendious thing,
No Barbar, Turke, nor Tartar can thee stay:
By Tranelles to thy Minde, Contentment bring:
Cease not to sing, what thou doest see by sight,
That Countrey Praise, and Ignorants, get light. Ignoto.

To his singular Friend, WILLIAM LITHGOW.

WHiles I admire, thy first and second wayes,
Long tenne yeeres wandring, in the Worlde-wide Boundes:
I rest amaz'd, to thinke on these Assayes,
That thy first Trauaile, to the Worlde forth-soundes:
In brauest sense, compendious, ornate Stile,
Didst show most rare aduentures to this Yle.

And nowe thy seconde Pilgrimage I see,
At LONDON thou resolu'd, to put in light:
Thy LYBIAN wayes, so fearefull to the eye,
And GARAMONTS their strange amazing sight.
Meane while, this Worke, affordes a three-folde Gaine;
In furie of thy fierce CASTALIAN Veine.
As thou for Tranelles, brook'st the greatest Name,
So voyage ou, increase, maintaine the same.

To the *Kinges most excellent Majestie.*

MOST Mightie *Monarch*, of Great Britanes Yle,
Vouchsafe to looke on this small Mite I bring;
VVhich prostrate comes, cled in a barren style,
To Thee, O Kinglie *Poet* ! *Poets King.*
And if one gracious looke, fall from thy face,
O then my *Muse*, and I, finde life, and grace.

Euen as the Sunne-shine, of the new-borne Day,
From *Thetis* watrie trembling Caue appeares,
To decke the lowring Leaues in fresh Array,
VVhich sable Night, inuolues in frozen Feares:
And *Elitropian*-like, display their Beautie,
Unto their Soueraigne *Phæbe*, as bound by duetie.

So Thou th' *Aurora*, of my prodigious Night,
Lendes Breath vnto my long-worne wearie Strife:
And from thy Beames, my Darknesse borrowes light,
To cheare the Day, of my desired Life.
So Great *Apollo*, as thou shin'st, so fauour,
That I, mongst thousands, may Thy Goodnesse sauour.

Great Pious Paterne, Patrone of Thine owne,
This rauisht Age, admires Thy Vertuous VVayes:
VVhose Princelie Actes, Remotest partes haue knowne,
And wee liue happie, in Thine happie Dayes.
Thy VVisdome, Learning, Gouvernment, and Care,
None can expresse, their Merites as they are:
Long mayst Thou raigne, and long may GOD aboue,
Confirme Thine Heart, in Thy Great Kinglie Loue.

The most Humble and Ingenochiat
Farewell of WILLIAM LITHGOW.



To the High and Mightie Prince,

CHARLES,

Prince of Great Britane. &c.

L Oe heere (braue Prince) I strive thy Worth to prayse,
But cannot touch, the least of thy Desertes;

I shewe good-will, let brauer Spirits rayse,
Thy Name, thy Worth, thy Greatnesse, and good partes :

Late famous *Henry*, did not leaue the earth,
(The Heauens esteem'd the Earth too base for him)

Till thou his second selfe, in blood, in birth,
Hadst strength to his most Princely parts to clim:
Sweet youth, in whome, thy Grandfires worth reuiues,
And noble vertues, are renew'd againe,

In Thee, the hope, of that Succession liues :
VVhose braue beginning, cannot end in vaine.

Most hopefull Image, of thy vertuous Sire,
And greatest Hope, of that renowned Race,

These Unite Kingdomes, limite thy desire,
From seeking Conquest, in a Forraine place.

This Noble Yle yeeldes matter in such store,
For thy braue Sprite, to gaine a glorious Name :

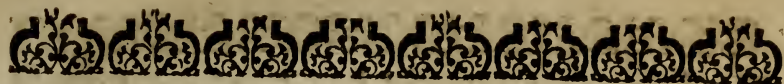
And rayse thy State, all *Europe* yeeldes no more,
Heere stay, and strive, to match thy Fathers Fame.

VVho knowes, but thou, resembling him in face,
Mayst one day liue, to equall him in Place :

So euer Happie Prince, I humblie bring,
This Eccho of Farewell, Farewell I sing.

*Your Highnesse most prostrate
and Obsequious Oratour,*

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

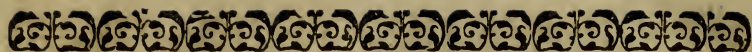


*To the most Reuerende Fathers in GOD,
My Lordes Archbishops of Sain& Andrewes and Glasgow,
&c. And to the rest of the Reuered L. Bishops of Scotland,*

I Scorne to flatter, and yee Reuerende Lords,
I know, as much abhorre a flattring name;
What in my power, this simple meane affords
I heere submit before your eyes the same.
I haue small Learning, yet I learne to frame
My VWill agreeing to my wandring Mind;
And yee graue Pillars of Religious fame,
The onlic Paternes of Pietie wee find:
How well is plant our Church, and what a kind,
Of Ciuill Order, Policie, and Peace,
VVe haue, since Heauens, your Office haue assign'd,
That Loue aboundes, and bloodie jarres they cease:
Mechanick Artes, and Vertues doe increase:
The Crowne made stronger, by your Sprituall care;
Yee liue as Oracles, in our learned Greece,
And shine as Lampes, throughout this Land all where:
The stiffe-neck'd Rebelles, of Religion are
By you press'd downe, with vigilance but rueth;
So liue great Lightes, and of false VVolues beware,
Yee found the Trumpets of Eternall Trueth:
And iustlie are yee call'd to such an hight,
To helpe the VVeake, defend the poore mans Right:
So sacred Columnes of our chiefest VVeale,
I humblie heere bid your great VVorths farewell.

Your Lo. euer deuouted Oratour to his death,

WILLIAM LITHGOW.



To his euer-honoured Lords, the right noble

Lords, ALEXANDER, Earle of DVMFERMELING,
Lord Fyuy, Great Chancellor of SCOTLAND, &c.

THOMAS, Lord BINNIE, Lord President of the Col-
ledge of Iustice, and his Maiesties Secretarie for Scotland, &c.
And to the rest of the most Iudicious and honourable Lords, the Judges
and Senatours of the high Court and Senate of this Kingdome, &c.



S thou art first (great Lord) in thy great worth,
So thou dost liue a Loadstarre to this North:
Next to our Prince, in all supreme affaires,
Art chiefest Iudge, and greatest wrong repairs.
A second *Solon*, on the Arch of Fame,
Makes Equitie and Iustice scale thy name.

And art indued with Faculties diuine,
From whose sage Breast, true beames of Vertue shine.
Out of thy fauour, then true Noble Lord.
To this my Orphane Muse. one looke afford.

AND PRESIDENT, lest flatterie should bee deem'd,
I scarce may sing the height, Thou art esteem'd:
Euen from thy Birth, auspicious Starres fore-tolde,
That mongst the Best, thy Name should bee enrolde.
The source of Vertue, who procures true peace.

A third *Licurgus*, in this well-rul'd Greece:
Whom Learning doth endear, and wisdom more,
That *Atlas*-like, supportes our Senate glorie:

x Then as thine honours, in thy merit shine,
Vouchsafe (graue Lord) to fauour this propine.

AND yee the rest, Sage SENATOURS, who swey
The course of Iustice, whome all doth obey.

Whose wisest censures, vindicates vnright,
To you I bring this Mite, scarce worthie fight.

Yee doe the cause, the person not respect,
And simple Ones, from Proudlinges doe protect.

The VViddow findes her Right, the Orphane fort,
And VVeaklinges yee with Iustice doe comfort.
Yee with euen handes *Astræas* Ballance holde,
Iudges of Right, and Lampes of Trueth enrolde,
Long may yee liue, and flourish in that Seate,
Patrones of Poore, and Pillars of the State:
That Iustice, Law, Religion, Loue, and Peace,
By your great meanes may in this Land encrease.

Your Lo. most Afold and quotidian Oratour,
WILLIAM LITHGOW.

TO THE TRUELY NOBLE, AND HONOURABLE LORD,
IOHN, EARLE OF MARRE, &c.
Lord high Thesaurer of SCOTLAND, &c.

Amongst these VVorthies of my worthlesse paines,
I craue thy VVorth would Patronize my Quill:
VVhich granted, then, O there's my greatest gaines,
If that your Honour doth affect good-will.
And whiles I striue, to praise thy condigne parts,
Thy selfe, the same, more to the VVorlde impartes.

Though noblie borne, thy vertue addes thy fame,
And greater credite is't, when man by merit,
Attaines the title of True Honoures Name,
Than when voide cyphers, doe the same inherit,
For Fortune frownes, when Clownes beginne to craue,
And Honour scornes to stoupe vnto a slaue.

Euen as the shade, the substance cannot flee,
And Honour from true Vertue not degrade:
Though thou fleest Fame, yet Fame shall follow thee:
For Power is lesse than VVorth, VVorth Power made.
And I, I wish, GOD may thy Race preferue,
So long as Sunne and Moone their Course conserue.

Your L. low prostrate Oratour,
WILLIAM LITHGOW



To the Magnanimous, Renowned, and
most Valourous Lorde, I O H N Earle of MONTROSE,
L O R D G R A H A M E, &c.

GRant this (graue Lord) to patronize my paines,
This my Conflict, before thine eyes I bring:
If thou affect good will, O there's my gaines.
I show my best, though plaine, the trueth I sing:
A two-folde debt mee bindes, Thy Worth, Thy Name,
That still protectes all them that heght a GRAHAME.
So (Noble Earle) accept these small Effectes,
Thy Vertue may draw Vales ou'r my Defectes.

To lift thy worth, on admirations eye,
It farre exceedes, the reach of my engine:
But this (great Lord) I dare attest to thee,
While breath indures, this wandring breast is thine:
And that great loue, I found in thy late Sire,
I wish the Heauens the same in thee inspire:
And as his late renowne, reuiues his name,
X So imitate his life, increase his fame.

That thou when dead, thy Race the same may doe,
As thou, I hope, shalt once excell thy Father:
That time to time, thy long successours too,
May each exceede the former, yea, or rather,
The one ingraft, the other stampe it more,
That who succeedes, may adde anothers glore.
So shall thy selfe liue famous, and thy race,
Shall long enjoye the earth, then Heauenlie grace.

*Your Lo. most seruile seruitour
on his low bended Knees,*

WILLIAM LITHGOW.



A CONFLICT,

Betweene the Pilgrime and his Muse:

Dedicate to my Lorde Grahame,

EARLE MONTROSE. &c.

Muse.



If this small sparke of thy great flame had sight,
O happie I, but more if thou furuay mee;
Thy dying Muse, bewailing comes to light,
And thus begins, halfe forc'd for to obey thee:
O restles man! thy wandring I lament,
Ah, ah, I mourn, thou canst not liue cōtent.

Pilgrime.

To liue below my minde, I cannot bow,
To loue a priuate life, O there I smart;
To mount beyonde my meanes, I know not how,
To stay at home still cross'd, I breake mine heart.
And Muse take heede, I finde such loue in Strangers,
Makes mee affect all Heathnicke tortring dangers.

Muse.

But, O deare Soule, that life is full of cares,
Great heat, great colde, great want, great feare, great paine,
A passionate toyle, with anxious despaires,
Where plagues and pestes, and murders grow amaine:
Thy Pilgrimage, a tragicke stadge of sorrow,
May spende at night, and nothing on the morrow.

A CONFLICT,

Pilgrime.

No; Pilgrimage, the VVell-spring is of Wit,
The clearest Fountaine, whence graue VVisdome springs:
The Seate of Knowledge, where Science still doth sit,
A breathing Iudgement, deckt with prudent things.

This, thou call'st Sorrow, great Ioye is, and Pleasure:
If I bee rich in Minde, no VVealth I measure.

Muse.

But, O, recorde, how manie times I know,
VVith bitter Teares, thou long'dst to see this Soyle:
And come, thou weariest, and wouldst make a show,
There is no pleasure, but in Forraine Toyle.

And so forgetst the Sowre, and loath'st the Sweete,
To wracke thy Bodie, and to bruise thy Feete:

Pilgrime.

All Rares are deare, Contentment followes Paine,
No Heathnicke partes, can bee surueighed, but feare,
And dangers too: But heere's a glorious gaine,
I see those things, which others haue by care:

They reade, they heare, they dreame, reportes affect,
But by experience, I trie the effect.

Muse.

In Cabines, they on Mappes, and Globes, finde out,
The wayes, the lengths, the breadth, the heights, the Pole:
And they can wander all the VVorlde about,
And lie in Bedde, and all thy fightes controle.

Though by experience, thou hast nat'rall sight,
They haue by learning, supernat'rall light.

Pilgrime.

Thou knowst Muse, I had rather see one Land,
Be true eye-sight, than all the VVorlde by Cairt:
Two Birdes in flight, and one fast in mine hand,
VVhich of them both, belonges most to my part:

One eye-witnesse is more, than ten which heare,
I dare affirme the Trueth, when they forbear.

BETWEENE THE PILGRIME, &c.

Muse.

Heere thou preuail'st, with Miseries I must daunt,
Thy Braines : Recall the house-bred Scorpion sting,
The hissing Serpent, in thy way that haunts,
And crawling Snakes, which dammage often bring:
The byting Viper, and the Quadraxe spred,
That serue for Courtaines, to thy Campan Bedde;

Pilgrime.

I know the VVorld-wide Fieldes my Lodging is,
And ven'mous thinges, attende my fearefull sleepe:
But in this Case, my Comfort is oft this,
The watchfull Lizard, my bare Face doeth keepe.
By day, I feede her, shee saues mee by night,
And so to trauaile, I haue more than right.

Muse.

The cracking Thunder, of the stormie Nightes.
The fierie burning, of the parching Day,
The Sauage dealing, of those Barbrous VVightes,
The Turkish Tributes, and Arabian Pay,
May bee strong meanes, to stoppe thy swift returne,
To make thee liue in rest, and heere sojourne.

Pilgrime.

All these Extreames, can neuer make mee shrinke,
Though Earth-quakes moouue mee, more than all the rest,
And I rejoyce, when sometimes I doe thinke
On what is past, what comes the LORD knowes best.
I can attempt no plotte, and then attaine,
Vnlesse I suffer losse, in reaping gaine.

Muse.

The Seas and Floods, where fatall perills lie,
The rau'nous Beastes, that liue in VVildernesse:
The irkesome VVoods, the sandie Desarts drie,
The drouth thou thol'st, in thy deare-bought distresse:
I doe conjure these Feares to make thee stay,
Since I, nor Reason, can not mooue delay.

A CONFLICT,

Pilgrime.

Though scorching Sunne, and scarce of raine I bide,
These plagues thou sing'st, and else what can befall:
My minde is firme, my standart cannot slide,
The light of Nature, I must trauell call.

X The more I see, the more I learne to know,
Since I reape gaine thereby, what canst thou show?

Muse.

The losse of Friendes, their counsell, and their sight,
The tender loue, in their rancountringes oft;
In this, thy brightest day, turnes darkest night,
When thou must court harde heartes, and leaue the soft.
What greater pleasure, can maintaine thy mirth,
Than liue amongst thine owne, of blood and birth?

Pilgrime.

The fremdest man, the trueest friend to me,
A stranger is the Sainct, whome I adore:
For manie friendes, from faithfull friendship flee,
Law-bound affection failes than framelinges more.

X What alienes show, it lastes, and comes of loue,
But consanguin'tie dies, so I remoue.

Muse.

A rolling stone, can neuer gather mosse:
Age will consume, what painefull youth vplistes:
Bee carefull, bee, and scrape some mundane drosse,
And in thy prime, lay out thy wittie shiftes.

When thou grow'st old, & want'st both means & health,
O what a kinsman then is worldlie Wealth!

Pilgrime.

The Sea-man and the Souldiour, had they feare,
Of what ensues, might flee their fatall sorrow:
Who cloathes the lillies, that so faire appeare,
Prouides for mee to day, and eke to morrow:
Liue where I will, GODS prouidence is there,
So I triumph in minde, a figge for care.

BETWEENE THE PILGRIME, &c.

Muse.

If (deare to mee) thou wouldst resolue to stay,
Our Noble Peares, they would maintaine thy state:
If not, I should finde out another way,
To moue the worlde to succour thine hard fate:
X And I shall cloathe, and lende, and feede thee too:
Affect my veine, and all this I will doe.

Pilgrime.

To feede mee (Slaue) thou knowst I am thy Lord,
And can command thee, when I please my selfe:
VVouldst thou to rest, my restlesse minde accorde,
And ballance deare-bought Fame, with terrene Pelfe:
No, as the Earth, helde but one *Alexander*,
So, onelie I, auow, All where to wander.

Muse.

VVhat hast thou wonne, when thou hast gotte thy will:
X A momentanie shaddowe of strange sightes:
Though with content, thou thy conceite doest fill,
Thou canst not lende the worlde these true delightes:
Though thy selfe loue, to these attemptes contract thee,
VVhere ten thee praise, there's fiew that will detract thee,

Pilgrime.

It's for mine owne mindes sake, thou knowst I wander,
Not I, nor none, the worldes great voyce can make:
Thinkst thou mee bound, to them a compt to render,
And would vaine fooles, I trauell'd for their sake:
No, I well know, there is no gallant spirit,
(Vnlesse a knaue) but will yeelde mee my merit.

Muse.

Thou trauel'st aye, but where's thy meanes to doe it:
Thou hast no landes, no exchange, nor no rent,
There's no familiare sprite doeth helpe thee to it,
And yet I maruell how thy time is spent.
This shifting of thy wittes, should breede thee loathing.
To liue at so great rate, when friendes helpe nothing,

A CONFLICT,

Pilgrime.

The VVorlde is wide, GODS Prouidence is more,
And Cloysters are but Foote-stooles to my Bellie:
Great Dukes and Princes, oint my Palme with Ore,
And *Romane*-Clergie Golde, with griede I swellie.
x It comes as VVinde, and slides away like Water:
These meritorious men, I daylie flatter.

Muse.

Mak'st thou no conscience, to deale with Church-men so?
VVhen they for *Limbus*, these giftes giue I know:
They freele giue, thou prodigall letst goe:
And done, derid'st, the Charitie they show.
But friend, they binde thee, to thine holie Beades,
To *Pater nosters*, *Mariaes*, and to *Creedes*.

Pilgrime.

Forbeare in time, I dare not heere insist,
An Eele can hardlie well bee grip'd that's quicke:
From duetie and desert, I now desist,
It's no great fault, ten thousand Friers to tricke,
x And Iesuites too, which Papall harme fore-sees,
These Ghostlie Fathers, I oft blinde their eyes.

Muse.

Desist, and I forbeare, so leaue this point,
Fear'st thou not Sicknesse, Dangers of the Pest?
The Fluxes, Feuers, Agues that disjoint,
Thy vitall powers, and spoyle thee of thy best:
If thou fall'st sicke, where bee thine Helpers then?
Then miserable Thou, forlorne of Men.

Pilgrime.

But, *O my Loue*, remarke what I must say,
The greatest men in trauaile that fall sicke,
In Hospitales, for health, are forc'd to stay.
The circumstance I neede not now to speake:
Doctors they haue, good Linnen, and good Fare,
And giues it *Gratis*, *Medicine*, and *VVare*.

BETWEENE THE PILGRIME, &c.

Muse.

Thou here borne North, vnder a Climate colde,
I thinke farre South, with heat should not agree:
And in my Minde, I this opinion hold,
These vigorous heats, at last thy death shall bee:
I know these *Nigroes*, of the Austriale Sunne,
Haue not endur'd, such heat, as thou hast done.

Pilgrime.

x For to conserue mine health, I eate not much:
When I drinke Wine, it's mixt with VVater aye:
They are but Gluttones, Riote doeth auouch,
I trauaile in the Night, and sleepe all Day.
x My disposition and complexion gree,
I am not sanguine, nor too pale, you see.

Muse.

A murthrer judg'd, set on a wheele about,
How many pinnes, for murth'ring hast thou tolde?
No lesse than twenty three, I will approue,
And dar'st thou in these dead mens wayes bee bolde?
Think'st thou thy fortune, better still than theirs?
The Foxe runnes long, at last entrapp'd in snares.

Pilgrime.

All that haue breath must die, and man much more,
Some here, some there, his *Horoscope* is so,
Be wee are borne, our weards they poste before,
None can his dest'ny shunne, nor from it goe,
Nothing than death more sure, vncertaine too;
Who aymes at fame, all hazards must allowe.

Muse.

But swollen man in thy conceat, take heed,
What great distresse, of hunger hast thou tholde?
That often times, for one poore Loauē of bread,
Thou wouldst (if poss'ble) giuen a world of gold:
Remember of thy sterile Lybian wayes,
Where thou didst fast, but meate or drinke nyne dayes.

*Omnes vbi coimus omni
breuiter bona: facit p'p'is
Socii exitura, et nos in eterna
Exitu impofitura y mta*

33 A CONFLICT,

Pilgrime.

Dispeopled defartes, bred that deare-bought grieffe,
 No state but change, no sweete without some gall:
 Yet in *Tobacco*, I found great reliefe,
 The smoake whereof expell'd that pinching thrall:
 And for that time, I graunt, I drunke the water
 That through my bodie came, in steade of better.

Muse.

The vaprous *Serene*, of the humide night,
 Which sprinkled oft, with foggie dew thy face,
 Gaued to thy bodie, and thine head such weight,
 When thou awak'd, couldst scarce aduance thy pace:
 And scarce of Springs, did so thy thirst increase,
 Thy Skinne growne lumpie, made thy strength decrease.

Pilgrime.

I yeelde, thou knowst these things as well as I,
 But when I slept, great care I had to couer
 My naked face, and kept my bodie drie,
 The manner how, I neede it not discouer.
 Though thou object these mistes, the clouds forth-spew.
 All thy *Brauadoes* cannot make mee rew.

Muse.

The Galley-threatning death, where slaues are whipt,
 Each banke holdes foure, foure chaines ty'd in one ring:
 Where twise a day, poore they are naked stript,
 And bath'd in blood, their woefull handes they wring:
 They roll still scourg'd, on bread and water feede,
 Twise this thou scap'd, the third time now take heede.

Pilgrime.

At *Cephalone*, and *Nigroponte* I know,
 And *Lystra* too, three Slauieries I escap'd;
 And tenne times *Galleotes*, made a cruell show,
 At *Little Iles*, to haue mee there intrapp'd:
 But their attempts still failde, I thanke my God,
 Yet I no way can liue, if not abrode.

BETWEENE THE PILGRIME, &c.

Muse.

But ah recall, the Hearbes, rawe Rootes yee eate,
White Snails, greene Frogs, gray streams, hard beds derayd:
And if this austiere life, seeme to thee meete,
I yeelde to thine experience long assayd.

Then stay, O stay, succeeding times agree,
To reconcile thy minde, thy meanes, and thee,

Pilgrime.

To stay at home, thou knowst I cannot liue:
To liue abroade I know, the worlde maintaines mee:
To bee beholden to a Churle, I grieue:
And if I want, my dearest friende disdaines mee.

And so the forraine face to mee is best,
I lacke no meanes, although I lacke my rest.

Muse.

I graunt it's true, and more esteem'd abroade,
But zeale growes colde, and thou forgetst the way:
Better it were at home to serue thy GOD,
Than wandring still, to wander quite astray:

x Thou canst not trauaile, keepe thy conscience too,
For that is more, than Pilgrimes well can doe.

Pilgrime.

I wonder Muse, thou knowst to heare a Messe,
I make no breach of Law, but for to learne.
And if not curious, then the worlde might gesse.
I hardlie could twixt good and ill discearne:

x I enter not their Kirkes, as vpon doubt
Of faith; but their strange erroures to finde out.

Muse.

O well replyde, but yet a greater spotte,
Thou bowst thy knees, before their Altars hie:
And when comes the Leuation, there's the blotte:
Thou knockst thy breast, and wallowst with thine eye:
And when the little Bell, rings through the streete,
Thou prostrate fallst, their Sacrament to greete.

A CONFLICT,

Pilgrime.

Thou fail'st therein, I still fledde Superstition:
But I confesse, I got the holie Blessing:
And vnder colour of a rare Contrition,
The Papall Panton heele, I fell a kissing.

But they that mee mistake, are base-borne Clownes:
I did it not for Loue, but for the Crownes.

Muse.

O! There's Religion, Dissimulation,
Vtrunque is thy Stile, I feare no lesse:
And from a borrow'd *Æquiocation*,
Would'st frame thy Will, and then thy VVill redresse.
No, Pilgrime, no, That's not the VVay to Heauen,
To make the Euen to glee, the Gleede looke euen.

Pilgrime.

Away vaine Foole: I scorne thy pratling Braine:
When I confesse the Trueth, thou mee accuses.
I neuer solde my Soule for anie Gaine,
Nor yet abus'd my Minde, with Forraine Uses,
As manie home-bred heere Domestickes doe,
In changing State, can change their Conscience too.

Muse.

I grant there's some for Gaine, their Soules doe sell:
But learne the good, and soone forget the ill:
A Vale at home ou'r-drawne, I plainlie tell,
Is fit for thee, though not fit for thy Will.
And bee aduis'd, Repentance comes too late,
He mournes in vaine, that spendes both Time and State.

Pilgrime.

I loathe to liue, long in a priuate place:
My Soyle I loue, but I am borne to wander.
And I am glad, when I Extreames imbrace,
Sweete Sowre Delights, must my Contentment rander.
So, so, I walke, to view Hilles, Townes, and Plaines,
Each day new Sightes, new Sightes consume all Paines.

BETVEENE THE PILGRIME, &c.

Muse.

Liue aye in Paines, ambitious Pilgrime then,
Since thy proude Breast, disdaines thy Mindes furrandring:
It's thou who stru'ft to ouer-match all men,
In Perrill, Paines, in Trauaile, and in VVandring.
Striue still, I feare that some Defasters grow,
Long swimme the Fish, so long as VVaters flow.

*Quod quisq; bibit nunquid
nomini carit
Cautum est in Romanis.
Horat: 2. ode. 13*

Pilgrime.

Leaue off, and boast no more, no more I sing:
I rest resolu'd, holde thou thy peace the while:
And to the EARLE MONTROSE, I humblie bring,
Our mutuall CONFLICT, in this barren Stile.
And so Illustrious Lord, approue my saying,
Conuict my Muse, and let mee goe astraying:
To this small Suite, if that your Honour yeeldes,
Shee shall perforce with mee affront the Fieldes.

*Heere endeth the Conflict, betweene
the Pilgrime, and his Muse.*





To the Right honourable and Noble Lord,
ALEXANDER, Earle Home, Lord Dunghasse, &c.

THese meane abortiue lines, of my Lament,
On my low-bended knees I sacrifice them
To thee, on whome my greatest loue is bent:
They gladlie come, and I doe authorize them.
And so this simple mite with loue receaue,
If thou affect good will, no more I craue.

To paye the debt I owe of my great duetic,
Which in large bondes, lies bound to thy great worth,
Is more than I can doe, vnlesse by fewtie,
I stroue (though weake) thy vertues to set foorth;
Yet for my debt, my duetic, and my prayer,
I'me bound on earth, and GOD will bee thy payer.

Thy noble feasting of our gracious King,
And kindlie wellcome, to the *ENGLISH* Kinde;
O! had I time, the trueth that I might sing,
Thy great desert, a just reward should finde:
But my Farewelles mee poste, yet by the way,
Thy Vertue, in thy Worth, triumphes each day.

Compendious workes, on high stupendious thinges,
Which brauest wittes, wring from inuentions braine,
No knowledge yeeldes, but admiration bringes,
To vulgare fortes, and to the wisest pane:
I sing but plainlie in Domesticke verse,
The watrie accents, of a pilgrimes herse.
So (worthy earle) protect my *Lamentado*,
And done, I scorne the wretched worlds *Brauado*.

Your Lo. most incessant Oratour,

WILLIAM LITHGOW.



THE PILGRIMES LAMENTADO,

In his second Pilgrimage.



Ut of the showrie shade of Sorrowes Teares,
VVhere in the darkeſt Pit of Griefe I lay,
I trembling come, aſtoniſht with theſe Feares,
Of ſtormie Fortune, frowning on mee aye:
For in her fatall frownes my wracke appears,

And from the concaue of my watrie Plaintes,
I powre abroad, a VVorlde of Diſcontentes.

Shall I, like *Zemphos*, mourne to lengthen life?
O! I muſt mourne, or elſe this Breath diſſolues:
No greater paine, than mine in-cloyſtred Strife,
VVhich Sea-waue-like, to toſſe mee ſtill reſolues,
For ſo the Paſſions of my Minde are riſe:

There's none like mee, nor I like vnto none:
None but my ſelfe, in mee my ſelfe muſt grone.

Theſe joyes that I poſſeſſ'd, are backward fled,
My ſweete Contentes, to ſowre Diſpleaſure turnes:
My quiet Reſt, Ambition captiue led.

And where I dwell the *Pagane* there ſojournes.
My Sommer Smiles, on VVinter Blaſtes are ſpred.

All Loue-ſicke Dreames, of VVorldlie Ioyes are gone.
Mine Hopes are fled, and I am left alone.

The Pilgrimes Lamentado,

Alone I mourne in solitarie Songes,
And oft bewaile mine infranchized lotte:
The Heauens beare witnesse of my past Wronges,
Which best can judge, how this blinde Worlde doth dote.
This pondred so, my bleeding heart it longes,
To bee dissolu'd, made free, or ty'd more fast,
Vnto the Substance, of a Shaddow past.

I wish, and yet I cannot haue my will,
It's onlie I, must helpelesse spende my Mones:
With out-run Teares, mine out-worne Bedde I fill:
And Sighes disbende, whiles I retaine sadde Grones,
Which both constrain'd, conuert a sobbing ill.
So when my Malecontentes to Sorrow grew,
These pale Complaintes, from my wanne Vifage flew:

Ah haplesse I! vnmatch'd in matchlesse Woe,
Plagu'd with the terrour of horrendious strokes,
Am *Cretane*-like, transported to and froe,
Twixt Sandie *Scylla*, and *Charibdin* Rockes:
Ship-wracke I finde, where euer that I goe.
Though once I scalde, the scope of my desire,
No sooner vp, but all was set on fire.

Like *Pha'ton* young, too fast my Sorrowes bred,
And bridle gaue, when I should haue holde fast:
On the *Pegasian* winges poore I was led,
VVith course so swift, made all my Pow'rs agast,
Till at the last I found that Fawnes mee fed:
Then tooke I breath, and saw how I was rest,
The poorest man, that in the worlde was left.

Meane-while I stroue against the strongest Streames,
VVhilst my small strength, waxt weaker than a Stroe:

In his second Pilgrimage.

The Sunne dissolu'd in darke declining Beames,
And I in Moone-shine colde was tortred so,
That all my look'd-for Ioyes, became but Dreames;
Still driuen backe, from my transported Hope,
I rang'd the Hill, could neuer reach the toppe.

Yet once I sate vpon the fatall VVhee,
Whiles that the second Round, came round about:
Then fell I backward, hanging by the Heele,
Astonisht of my Change, I stoode in doubt,
If I should mount, then fall, more turninges feele.
VVhich when conceiu'd, I euer swore to mount,
Ten thousand falles, should neu'r my Breast confront.

I cannot fall no lower than the Earth,
From which I came, and to the which must goe:
This borrowd Breath, is but a glauce of Mirth,
No constant life, this trustlesse Worlde doth show,
The surest man, the meanest stile in Birth,

Great Falles, attende great Persons, and their Glorie,
For when they fall, they cannot rise no more.

*Sapientis bruta agitatur ingenis
Pinus: & calce genivores caespes
Decidunt turris: fixi uentis, iunco
Fulmina montes.*

Care I for Golde? I scorne that filthie Drosse:
It's VVorldlinges God, so Mundanes loue his sight,
Shall I despaire? Or care I for my losse?
Although I want, which once was mine by right,
No double on you waues, still crosse on crosse:
I, Camele-like, beare all vpon my Backe,
And liue content, and there's the thought I take.

*Non possidetur multa uocaris
Recte beati: uertius occupat
non in beati qui donum
muneribus adhibere dei
Ducam, callat palpationem pati
Primo, tunc flagitium trahit.*

Yet fragile flesh, is friuolous and proude,
Some sad disgust, gaue mee this second toyle:
I sing but low, I may not sing too lowde,
VVho winnes the Felde, may triumph in the Spoyle.

The Pilgrimes Lamentado,

I, vanquisht I, must liue vnder the Shrowde,
Of farre-fled Fortune, scattered to a Ragge:
Mine Haire-cloath Gowne, my *Burdon*, and my Bagge.

All *Her'mite*-like, my Face ou'r-cled with Haire.
Once my faire Fielde, is now turn'd *VVildernesse*:
I harbour'd Beautie, within my full Moone Share,
*VV*here nought restes now, but *VV*rinkles of Distresse.
Europiane Sorrow, and *Asiaticke* Care:

The *Africke* Threatninges, and *Arabiane* Terrour,
Makes my pale Face, become a bloodlesse Mirroure.

I Pennance make, if Pennance could suffice:
I forward wrestle, gainst all Forraine Care.
I still contende, this wandering Breast to please:
I trauaile aye, and yet I know not where,
Led with the *VV*hirle-winde, and Furie of Unease.
And when I haue considred all my strife,
O happie hee, who neuer knew this life!

A life of sadnesse, still to true estranging:
A life of grieve, turmoylinges, and displeasure:
A life fastidious, aye to run a ranging.
A life in bounding, bondlesse Will no measure:
A life of tormentes, subject to all changing.
A life of paine, where fearfull Danger dwelles,
A life, whose passions counter-match the Helles.

My Sommer Cloathing, is my *VV*inters *VV*eede:
Times change, and I, I cannot change Apparrell:
The Spring's my loathing, and the Haru't my neede:
Each Seasons course, by monthlie fittes mee quarrell,
And in their Threatninges, threaten to exceede.
From *VV*eekē to Day, from Day to hourelie minute,
Still I opprest, must pay my Passions tribute.

In his second Pilgrimage.

From tortring toyles, to tortring feares amaine,
Poore I, distrest, am tost with great extreames:
VVhen I looke backe, to see the VVorlde againe,
O what a clowdie show of eclips'd Beames
I doe beholde! and scene, I them disdaine.

Heere mournes the Poore, thetē foame the rich & great:
From *Swane* to *Prince*, I see no quiet state.

VVhat art thou VVorlde? O VVorld, a VVorlde of woes,
A momentanie shadow of vaine things.
The *Acheron* of paine, so I suppose,
A transitorie helper of Hirelinges,
VVhich nought but sorrowes to mine eyes disclose:
Opinion rules thy state, selfe-loue thy lord,
To him who merites least, doth most afford.

*In munda
author*

1

Thou traitour VVorlde, art fraught with bitter cares,
Pride, Spite, Deceite, Greede, Lust, ambitious Gloure:
Thy dearest Ioyes, depende vpon Despaires,
And still betrayes them most, most thee implore,
Thy bound-slaues wrestle, hurling in thy Snares:
VVhose course as VVinde, instable is and reaues,
In crossing brauest Sprites, aduancing Slaues.

2

I smile to see thy VVorldling puft in pride,
Though meanlie borne, and no desert, if rich,
Hee liues, as if his mansion could not slide.
Such proude conceites, deceiue thy fillie VVretch,
VVhiles in his blinde-fold humoures hee would bide.
And so they loue, and I abhorre thy sight:
They dwell in darknesse, and I liue in light.

*Liat superbi ambulat prauius,
Fortuna non multo grauius
Hor: Epod. 4.*

3

Thou lead'st thy Captiues, headlong into traines,
And in thy trustlesse show, beguiles thy Louer:

The Pilgrimes Lamentado,

4
VVho most affectes thee, greatest are his paines,
Thy verded face, contaminates thy proouer,
And with false showes, befottes his braine-sicke braines.
So whilst thy mundane liues, his gains are losses,
And dead, for loue of thee, eternall crosses.

5
Thou seem'st without, more brighter than the Golde,
Ten thousand vales, of glistring showes decore thee:
But hee whose eyes, once saw thine inward mould,
VVould loathe to liue, so vanelie to adore thee,
VVhose counterfeit contentes are bought and solde.
A painted VVhore, the Maske of deadlie sinne,
Sweete faire without, and stinking foule within.

6
VVho puts trust in thee, whome thou deceiu'st not?
VVho loues thy sight, but thou conuerts't in death?
VVho sets his joyes on thee, and him bereaues not?
VVho most is thine, findes shortest time to breathe?
VVho cleaves most to thy loue, and then him leaues not?
VVho would thee longest see, what trouble choaks him?
VVho thee imbrace, Enuie to wrath prouokes him.

*Inrens voluptatis
noscit ampa dolo.
es voluptas*
7 x
Thy pleasures I compare vnto the flight
Of a swift Birde, which by a window glides:
A glauce, a twinckling, a variable sight,
As dreames euanish, so thy glorie slides,
VVhose thornie cares, thy joyes downe-sway, with weight:
And could thy wretch, but learne to know the truth,
Hee would contemne thee, both in Age and Youth.

8
I see the changing course, of thy selfe-gaine,
There one buyes, the other buildes, the thirde selles,
The fourth hee begges, and the fifth againe,
Beginnes to seeke the path, the first fore-telles:

In his second Pilgrimage.

For in thy fickle force, thy craft shoves plaine:

Thus restlesse man doth change, and changing fo,

If rich, findes friendes: if poore, his friende turnes foe.

Donec eris felix, natus ad, & c.
Quid. rest.

To sing of Honour, and Preferment too,

I know, thou knowst, what I haue seene abroad:

Meane Lads made Lordes, and Lordes to Lads must bow:

Such Fauourites on Noble Breastes haue trode,

As what Kinges doe, the Heauens the same allow.

But heere's the plague; if dead, ere they bee rotten,

Their Stiles, their Names, and Honoures are forgotten.

9

The Duke of *Vrbine*, Count *Ostauious* Lord,

Preferd this Youth (though base in birth) for beautie:

And vvas his *Bardasse*, so the *Tuscane* word

Doth beare: and farre beyonde all Princelie duetic,

Aduancing him, his Nobles did discord.

And when growne great, his friendes began to hate him;

And at the last, a Ponyarde did defate him.

10

So VVorlde beholde thy late Marshall of *France*,

Whom *Mons. du Vitres*, pistolde through the head:

That Queene for priuate things did him aduance,

But in the ende, his Honoures now lie dead.

VVho mountes without desert, findes oft such chance.

O hee vvas great! now gone, vvhether liues his Fame?

Now, neither Race, nor Stile, nor Rent, nor Name.

11

I could recite an hundreth Upstartes moe,

VVhose meanest VVorth, on greatest Glore was set:

Meane-while mine eyes, admire their greatnesse so,

A suddaine change, these blowne-vp Mineons get,

Time doth betray, what Fortune oft lets goe.

Soone ripe, soone rotte, when free, liues most in thrall:

A suddaine rising, hath a suddaine fall.

12

The Pilgrimes Lamentado,

13 This worthlesse Honour, that desert not reares,
Is but as fruitlesse shoves, which bloome, then perish:
VVhere Merite buildes not, that Foundation teares.
There's nought but Trueth, that can mans standing cherish:
This great Experience, dayly now appeares;
VVhat one vpholdes, another he downe casts,
This Gentle-blood, doth suffer many Blasts.

*In Traslacione
nostra aetatis*

14 I smile to see, some bragging Gentle-men,
That clayme their discent, from King *Arthur* great;
And they will drinke, and sweare, and roare, what then
Would make their betters, foote-stooles to their feet;
And stryue to bee applaus'd with Print and pen:
And were hee but a Farmer, if hee can
But keepe an Hound, *O there's a Gentle-man.*

15 But foolish thou, looke to the Graue, and learne,
How man lies there deform'd, consum'd in dust:
And in that Mappe, thy judgement may discearne,
How little thou in Birth and Blood shouldst trust.
Such fightes are good, they doe thy Soule concerne.
VVer'ft thou a Kinglie Sonne, and Vertue want,
Thou art more brute, than Beastes, which Desarts hant.

16 And more, vaine VVorlde, I see thy great transgression,
Each day new Murther, Blood-shed, Craft, and Thift:
Thy louelesse Law, and lawlesse proude Oppression:
Thy stiffeneckt Crew, their heads ou'r Saincts they list,
And misgarding G O D, fall in degression.
The VViddow mournes, the Proude the Poore oppresse
The Rich contemne, the silly Fatherlesse.

17 And rich men gape, and not content, seeke more,
By Sea and Land, for gaine, run manie miles:

In his second Pilgrimage.

The Noblest striue for State, ambitious Glorie,
To haue Preferment, Landes, and greatest Stiles,
Yet neu'r content of all, when they haue store:
And from the Sheepheard, to the King I see,
There's no contentment, for a VVorldlie Eye.

*Non in gaudia magna confidamus
Summus in libris hinc hinc tumulus
mentis, et cetera laqueata uicium
Suta volantis.
Nihil est ab omni
Parte bratum.*

O! is hee poore, then faine hee would bee rich:
And rich, what tormentes his great griede doth feele:
And is hee gentle, hee striues moe Hightes t' touch:
If hee vnthriues, hee hates anothers weele:
His Eyes pull home, what his Handes dare not fetch.
A quiet minde, who can attaine that hight,
But either flaine by Griede, or Enuies spight:

18

Man's naked borne, and naked hee returnes,
Yet whiles hee liues, GODS Prouidence mistrustes:
Hee gapes for Pelfe, and still in Auarice burnes,
And hauing all, hath nothing, but his Lustes,
Insatiate still, backe to his Vomite turnes.

Simpliciter uocatus agat.

19

Vilde Dust and Earth, belieu'ft thou in a Shadow:
VVhose high-tun'd Prime, falles like a new mowne Me-
(dow.

I grieue to see the VVorld, and VVorldling playing,
The VVretch puft vp, is swell'd with Hellish griede:
The Worlde deceiues him, with a swift assaying.
And as hee standes, hee cannot take good heede,
But for small Trash, must yeelde eternall paying:
And dead, another enjoyes what hee got,
And spendes vp all, whiles hee in Graue doeth rot, I

20

To see thy Plagues, false Worlde, I breake mine heart:
I'me tost, hee crost, another lost, and most,

The Pilgrimes Lamentado,

21 To see a wretch for gaine his Soule decart,
Men in themfelues such blyndnes haue ingroft,
To flee their good, and follow fast their smart:
 Away vaine world, blest I; disdaines thy fight,
 VVhose sugred snares, breed everlasting night.

22 And when I haue seene most part of thy glóre,
Great Kingdomes, Ylandes, statelie Courtes, and Townes,
Herbagious Fieldes, the *Pelage*-beating Shore,
And georgeous showes, of glorious renownes;
Faire Floods, strong Forts, greene VVoods, and *Arabe* Ore:
 I crie out from my griefe, with wattie eyes,
 All is but vaine, and vaine of vanities.

So welcome Hēauen, with thine eternall Ioyes;
VVhere perfect pleasure is, and aye hath beene:
This Masse below, is lode with sad annoyes:
No rest for mee, till I thy glóre haue seene,
So put a period to my toyles and toys,
 I loathe to liue, I long to see my death;
 I die to liue, Sweete IESUS haue my Breath.

Ah, whither am I carry'd, thus to mourne?
To breake with griefe, the powers of my Breast;
There where I ende, to that ende I returne,
And still renew the Accentes of vnrest,
VVhiles in my selfe, mine onelie selfe I burne.
 VVhiles frozen colde, whiles fierie hote I grow,
 I come, I flee, I stay, I sinke, I flow.

No, no, poore heart, my spirit sadlie spoke,
Leaue off these Passions, of extreame conceate;

And

In his second Pilgrimage.

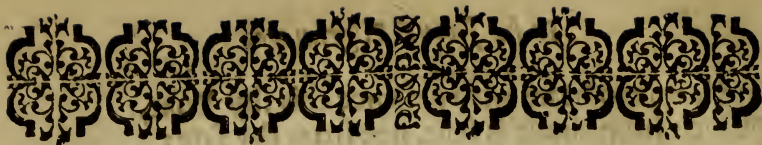
And learne to beare with patience this thy Yoke,
VVhich from aboue is sent, not from thy fate:
For the Creator, hath the Creature stroke.

Bee steadfast still, despaire not for annoyes,
They are the tryall, of thy future joyes.

So VVorlde farewell, I haue no more to say,
Tort mee, and tosse mee, as thou wilt, I care not:
I hope that once, I shall triumph for aye:
And so to plague mee heere, O VVorlde, then spare not:
My Night's neare worne, and fast appears my Day;
O Ioye of chiefest Ioyes, receiue my Soule,
And in thy Bookes of Life, my Name enroule.

*Heere endeth the Pilgrimes Lamentado,
In his second Pilgrimage.*





To the Right Honourable Ladie,

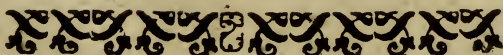
LADIE MARIE,

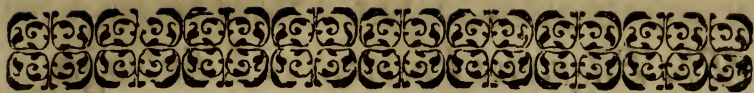
Countesse of Home, &c.

MY seruile Muse low prostrate spreads her Rayes,
To y^e great Dame, *HOMES* quintessence of fame:
The Noble *Marse*, admire thy vertuous wayes,
And as amaz'd, yeeld homage to the same.
The Vestall Maidés, in honour of a Dame,
Are saide to feast *Minerva*, and great *Ioue*.
But Thou beyonde great Dames deseru'st a Name:
VVhose Breast is fraught with nought but loyall loue.
O strange! a Dame should from her Soyle remoue,
And though franchizd, a Stranger in some kinde.
In this Thy Course, the Heauens thy VVorth approue,
To show these matchlesse Fruites, of thy chaste Minde.
So, Countesse, so, All *HOMES* in Thee finde light:
Thou doest reuiue the Day, seem'd once their Night.
Then blest art Thou, in Thy five Babes: or rather,
More blest Thy Lord, in Thee, and them a Father.

Your La. most humble seruant,

WILLIAM LITHGOW.





To the right Honorable Lord,
MY LORD SHEFFIELD,

President of Yorke, &c.



F not ingrate, I must recall thy VVorth,
Which binds my brest to memorize thy name:
And if I could (doubtlesse) I would set foorth
Thy great desert, to liue in endlesse fame.
In passing by at *Yorke*, cras'd I, halfe lame,
Had hap to finde thy noble heart so kinde.

Great thanks (Braue Lord) I yeelde thee for the same:

First, to thy Gen'rous; then, judicious Minde.

Thy Breast well read In Histories I finde,

But more Religious, in a Godlie course,

To Vertue and to Humane workes inclin'd:

Thou bound to them, they finde in thee secourse.

So as thou worthie liu'st, of thy good partes,

Thine Honour growes, in conquering of Heartes.

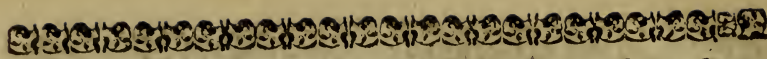
Long mayst thou liue, a *Leade starre* to the North,

That brauest Wittes, may still thy prayse sing foorth.

Your Lo. euer, &c.

WILLIAM LITHGOW.




The Pilgrimes Farewell to Edinburgh,

DEDICATE

To the Right VVorshipfull, Sir VVILLIAM NISBET of
Deane, Knight: Lord Prouost, &c. And to the rest, The
right worthie Baylies and graue Magiftrates of *Edinburgh.*



Hen *Albions* gēme, great *Britanes* greateſt glore
Did leaue the South, this Articke Soyle to ſee,
Entred thy Gates, whole *Miriads* him before,
Gliſtring in Golde, moſt glorious to the eye:
Firſt, Prouoſt, Bailies, Couneſel, Senate graue,
Stood plac'd in rāks, their King for to receaue.

In richeſt Veluet Gownes, they did ſalute him,
VVhere from his face, appear'd, true Princelie loue:
And in the miſt of Noble Troupes about him,
In name of All, Graue *Haye*, a Speech did moue.
And being horſt, the Prouoſt rode along,
VVith our *Apollo*, in that ſplendant Throng.

What joyfull ſignes, foorth from thy Boſome ſprang;
On thy faire Streetes, when ſhin'd his glorious Beames;
Shrill Trumpets ſound, Drummes beat, & Bells lowd rang:
The people ſhout, VVelcome our Royall IAMES:
And when drawne neare, vnto thy Freedomes Right,
His *Higneſſe* ſtayde, and made thy Prouoſt Knight.

At laſt arriu'd at his great Pallace gate,
There facond NISBET, enuiron'd with throng,
Made in behalfe of Citie, Countrey, State,
A learned Speech in Ornate Latine Tongue:
And thy ſtrong Maiden-Forte, impregnate Boundes,
Gauē out a world of Shottes, ſtrange thundring ſounds.

The Muſtring-day drawne on, there came thy Glore,
To ſee thy gallant *Youthes*, ſo rich arrayde,

In *Pandedalian* Showes, did shine like Ore.
And statelie they their Martiall fittes displayde.
VVith Fethers, Skarfs, loud Drummes, & Colours fleeing
First in the Front, King IAMES they goe a seeing.

Their Salutations rent the Aire a sunder:
And next to them, the Merchantes went in Order:
VVhose fire-flying Volleyes, crackt like Thunder:
And well conveigh'd, with Seargeantes on each border.
So rul'd, so decent, and so arm'd a fight,
Gave great contentment, to their greatest Light.

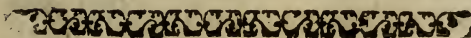
The vvorthish Trades, in rich approued Rankes,
In comelie Show, vvith them they march'd along:
VVhose deafning Shottes, resounded clowdie thankes,
For our Kings. VVelcome, in their greatest Throng.
And in that noyse, mee thought, their honour'd Fates,
Proclaim'd, That Trades, maintain both Crowns & States.

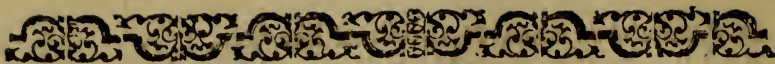
And more, sweet Citie, thou didst feast thy Prince,
Within a *Glasen* house, vvith such delights,
And rare conceites, that few before, or since,
Did see it paraleld, in *Forraine* fights.
And those Fire-workes, on his Birth-day at night,
Gaued to thy *Youthes* more prayse, thy selfe more light.

All these Triumphes, and moe, encrease thy Fame:
Which briefelie toucht, prolixitie I shunne.
And for my part, Great *Metropole*, thy Name,
All-where I'll prayse, as twife past I haue done.
And now I bidde with teares, with eyes, which swell,
Thee (*SCOTLANDS* Seate) deare *EDINBURGH*, Farewell.

Your Wor. neuer failing, &c.

WILLIAM LITHGOW.





The Pilgrims Farewell to Northberwicke

Lawe. Dedicate to Sir IOHN HOME of Northberwicke, Knight, &c.

THou steepie Hill, so circling piramiz'd,
That for a Prospect, serues East *Louthiane* Landes:
Where Ouile Flockes doe feede halfe enamiz'd:
And for a Trophee, to *Northberwicke* standes,
So mongst the Marine Hilles growes diademiz'd,
VVhich curling Plaines, and pastring Vales commaundes:
Out from thy *Poleme* Eye, some sadnesse borrow,
And decke thy Listes, with Streames of sliding sorrow.

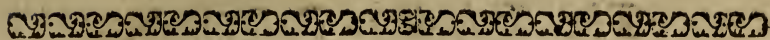
And from thy cloudie toppe, some mistes dissolue,
To thicke the Planure, with a foggie Dew:
And on the Manure, moystie droppes reuoluc,
To change colde *Hyeme*, in a *Cerene* Hew.
And let the *Ecchoes*, of thy Rockes resoluc,
To mourne for mee, in gracing them was true.

So Mount, powre out, thy showrie pale complaintes,
For mee, and my Fare-well, my Malecontentes.

And now round Hight, whiles *Phabus* warmes thy bounds,
Some glad reflexe, disbende downe to thy Knight:
And shew him, how thy Loue to him aboundes.
Since hee is Patrone, of thy Stile by right.
For from his VVorth, a double Fame redoundes,
To rayse his Vertue, farre aboue thine hight,
Yet bow thine Head, and greet him as hee goes,
Since hee, and his, deserue to weare thy Rose.
And I, I wish, his Name, and Race, may stand,
So long as thou art seene, by Sea, or Land.

Your Wor. &c.

WILLIAM LITHGOW.



A SONNET,

Made by the Author, being upon Mount Ætna, in Sicilia,
AN. 1615. And on the second day thereafter arriuing at Mes-
sina, he found two of his Countrey Gentlemen, Dauid Seton, of the
House of Perbroith, and Matthew Dowglas, now presentlie at
Court: to whome hee presented the same, they being at that instant time
some 40. miles from thence.

High standes thy toppe, but higher lookes mine eye,
High soares thy smoake, but higher my desire:
High are thy roundes, steepe, circled, as I see,
But higher faire this Breast, whiles I aspire:

High mountes the furie, of thy burning fire,
But higher farre mine aymes transcende aboue:
High bendes thy force, through midst of *Vulcanes* ire,
But higher flies my sprite, with winges of loue:
High preasse thy flames, the chrystall aire to moue,
But higher farre, the scope of mine engine:
High lies the snow, on thy proude toppes, I proue,
But higher vp ascendes my braue designe.

Thine height cannot surpasse this clowdie frame,
But my poore Soule, the highest Heauens doth claime.
Meane-while with paine, I climbe to view thy toppes,
Thine hight makes fall from me, ten thousand droppes.

Yours affectionate, William Lithgow.

*The Pilgrimes Passionado, on the Rhyne, when he was robbed
by five Souldiours, French & Valloune, about Rhyenberg, in Cleue,
being asosciated by a young Gentleman, Dauid Bruce of Clakmanene
house, ANNO 1614. Octob. 28. And afterwarde dedicate to the
most mightie Dutchesse, ELIZABETH, Princesse Palatine, of the
Rhyne, &c.*

Glue life, sad Muse, vnto my watric VVoes,
And let my windie sighes, ou'r-match despaire:
Striue in my sorrow sadlie to disclose

The Pilgrimes Passiōado,

My Tormentes, Troubles, Crosses, Griefe, and Care:
Paint mee out so, my Pourtraicture to bee,
The matchlesse Mappe, of vnmatcht Miserie.

Euen as a Birde, caught in an vnseene Snare,
So was I fangd, in lawlesse Souldiours handes:
My Cloathes, my Money, and my Goods they share,
Before mine eyes, whiles helpleffe I still standes.
I once Possessour, now Spectatour turnes,
To see mee from my selfe, mine heart it burnes.

Nowe must I begge, or steale, else starue, and die,
For lacke of Foode: so am I Harbourlesse:
Sighes are my Speach, and Grones my Silence bee:
Bare-foote I am, and bare-legd, in distresse.
My lookes craue helpe, mine eyes pierce euerie doore:
I stretch mine handes, my voyce cries, Helpe the Poore.

Howe woefull-like I hing my mourning Face,
And downewarde looke vpon the sable ground:
Mine outwarde show, from Stones might beg some grace,
Though neither life, nor loue, on earth were found.
Nowe, hungrie, naked, colde, and wette with Raine,
Poore I, am crost, with Pouertie quite slaine.

Can Pouertie, that of it selfe's so light,
As beeing vweigh'd, in Ballance with the VVinde,
Doth hang aloft, yet seeme so hudge a weight:
To sit so sadde vpon a soaring Minde:
No, no, poore Breast, it is thine owne base thought,
That holdes thee downe, for Pouertie is nought.

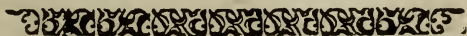
On the Rhyne.

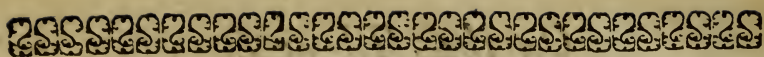
Or can the restlesse VVheele of Fortunes pride,
Turne vp-side downe ? mine euer-changing state.
Ah yea, for I, on *Regno* once did ride,
Though nowe throwne downe, to desolate debate.
Thus am I chang'd, and this the VVorlde shall finde,
Fortune, that Foole, is false, deafe, dumbe, and blinde.

Shall swift-wing'd Time, thus triumph in my VVronges ?
VVhiles I am left, a Mirrour of Despaire ?
Shall I vnfolde my plaintes, and heauie songes,
To grieue the VVorlde, and to molest the aire ?
I, I, I mourne, but for to ease my grieffe,
Soone gettes hee helpe, at last who findes reliefe.

Once robd, and robd againe, and wounded too,
O what aduentures, ouer-sweigh my fate ?
Pilgrime, thou mourn'st, mourne not, let worldlinges doe,
Things past, recalde, they euer come too late :
I wish, I had, is daylie full of woe :
And had I wist, I would, is so, and so.

Well then, on lower Vales, the Shades doe lie,
And mistes doe lurke, on euerie watrie plaine.
The toppes of Mountaines, are both cleare and drie,
And nearest to all Sunne-shine joyes remaine.
Mount then, braue Minde, to that admired hight,
VVhere neither mist, nor shade, can hurt thy sight.
So I'le defie Time, Fortune, *Mars*, and *Rhyne*,
Who all at once, conspir'd my last ruine.





*In his second Trauels, after his departure
from ENGLAND, arriuing at OSTEND: the fight
wherof gaue the Pilgrime this Subject.*

TO view the ruines, of thy wasted VValles,
Loe, I am come, bewailing thy disgrace:
Art thou this Bourge, *Bellona* so installes?
To bee a Mirroure, for a Martiall face:
I sure it's thou, whose bloodie bathing boundes,
Gaue death to thousandes, and to thousandes woundes.

VVhat Hostile force, besieg'd thee, poore OSTEND?
VVith all engine, that euer VVarre deuif'd.
VVhat Martiall Troupes, did valiantlie defende,
Thine Earthen Strengthes, and Sconses vn surpris'd:
By cruell assaultes, and desperate defence,
Thine vnderferuing name, wonne honour thence.

Some deepe interr'd, within thy bosome lie:
Some rotte, some rent, some torne in pieces small,
Some VVarre-like maim'd, some lame, some halting crie,
Some blown through clouds, some brought to deadly thrall
VVhose dire defectes, renew'd with Ghostlie mones,
May match the *Thebane*, or the *Trojane* grones.

Base Fisher Towne, that fang'd thy Nettes before,
And drencht into the Deepes, thy Foode to winne:
Art thou become a Tragicke Stage? and more,
VVhence brauest VVitnes, braue Stories may beginne:
To show the World, more than the World would craue,
How all thine in-trencht ground, became one Graue.

Thy digged Ditches, turn'd a Gulfe of Blood,
Thy Walles defeate, were rearde, with fatall bones:
Thine Houses equall, with the Streetes they stode:

Thy Limites come, a Sepulchre of Grones.

VVhence Canons roar'd, from fierie cracking smoake,
Twixt two Extreames, thy Desolation broke.

Thou God of VVarre, whose thundring foundes doe feare,
This circled space, plac'd heere below the roundes:

Thou, in obliuion, hast sepulchriz'd heere,
Earthes dearest life: for now what else redoundes,
But Sighes, and Sobbes, when Treason, Sword and Fire,
Haue throwne all downe, when all thought to aspire:

Footh from thy Marches, and Frontiers about,
In sanguine hew, thou dy'd the fragrant Fieldes.
The camped Trenches of thy Foes without,
VVere turn'd to blood: for Valour neuer yeeldes.
So bred Ambition, Honour, Courage, Hate,
Long three yeeres Siedge, to ouer-throw thy State.

At last from threatning terrour of despaire,
Thine hembde Defendantes, with diuided VValles,
VVere forc'd to render: then came mourning care
Of mutuall Foes, for Friendes vntimelie falles:
Thus lost, and gotte, by wrong and lawlesse Right,
My judgement thinkes thee, scarcelie worth the fight.
But there's the question, VVhen my Muse hath done,
VVhether the Victor, or the Vanquisht wonne?

To the Worshipfull Gentleman,

THOMAS EDMOND:

Nowe resident in the LOWE COVNTREYES.

YOUTH, thou mayst see (though brief) my great good will:
It's not for flatterie, nor rewarde, I prayle:
VVee are farre distant, yet my flying Quill,
Perhaps may come, within thine home-bred wayes.

I striue from Dust, thy Fathers Fame to raise,
For *Scotlandes* sake, and for his Martiall Skill,
VVhose fearelesse Courage, following VVarlike Frayes,
Did there surpasse, the worthiest of his dayes.

And as his matchlesse Valour, Honour wonne,
His death resign'd, the same, to thee his Sonne.

Yours, to his uttermost,
WILLIAM LITHGOW.

The Complaint of the late LORD,
CORONALL EDMOND his Ghoste.

OUT of the Ioyes, of sweete Eternall Rest,
I must compeare, as forc'd for to remoue,
Here to complaine, how I am dispossest,
Of Christian Battelles, Captaines, Souldiers loue.

Oft with the Penfile, of a bloodie Pen,
I wrote my val'rous fortunate assayes;
Though I be gone, my worth is prais'd of men;
The *Netherlandes* admyrd my warlike dayes.

And *Counte du Buckoye*, twyse my captiue was,
In cruell fight, at *Emricke* I him tooke;
(The stoutest Earle the Spanish armie has)
Who till my death, his armes hee quyte forsooke.

At *New-port* fight, that same day, ah, I lost,
The worthiest *Scots*, that life the world affords;
Men, a Regiment, like Gyantes seemde to boast,
A worlde of *Spaniardes*, and their bloodie Swordes.

And I escap'd so neare, was twise vnhorst:
Yea, manie other bloodie Fieldes I stroke.

My

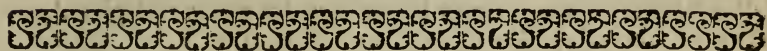
My Foes strange plottes, was neu'r so strong secourst,
But est-soones I, their Force, and Terrour broke.

Scotland I thanke, for mine vndaunted Breath,
Shee brought mee foorth, for to vnsheath my Sworde:
The STATES they found mee true vnto my death,
And neuer shrunke from them in deede or worde.

At *Rhynsberg* Sconce, I gotte my fatall blow,
A faint-heart *French.man* baselic was refute:
And I went on, the *Pultrone* for to show,
VVhere in a *Demi-Lune* that hee should shoote.

But ah! a Musket, twinde mee and my life,
VVhich made my Foe, euen *Spineola*, to grieue,
Although my death, did ende, his doubtfull strife,
His worthie Breast, oft wisht, that I might liue.

Thus STATES farewell, Count MAURICE, souldiers
The most aduentrous, nearest to his fall: (all,
This *Pilgrime* passing by, where I was slaine,
In forrow of his heart, raifde mee againe.



*The author in his second Trauels beeing at
PRAGE, in BOHEMIA, did sute the Emperour for
some affaires, which being granted, a young vp-start Courtier
ouer-threw him therein, giuing him this Subiect to expresse,
after long attendance at Court, &c.*

THou carelesse Court, commixt with colours strange,
Carefull to catch, but carelesse to reward;
Thy care doth carrie, a sad *Cymerian* change,
To starue the best, and still the worst regard:
For in thy greatnesse, greatly am I snar'd.
Ah wretched I, on thy unhappie shelfe,
Grounded my hopes, and cast away my selfe.

*In autum
scrit author*

On the Court of Bobemia.

From stormes to calme, from calme to stormes amaine,
Poore I am tost, in dying boundlesse deepes;
There where I perish'd, Loues to fall againe,
And that which hath me lost, my losse still keepes,
In darke oblivion, my designes now sleepes:
 Cancelling thus, the ayms of my aspyring,
 Still crosse, on crosse, haue crost my just desiring.

Had thy vnhappy smyles, shrunke to betray me,
Worthie had beene, the worth of my deseruing;
Blush if thou canst, for shame can not affray thee,
Since fame declines, and bountie is in swerving,
And leaues thee clog'd in pryde, for purenesse staruing:
 Ah court, thou mappe, of all dissimulation,
 Turnes Faith to flatterie, Loue to emulation.

Happie liu'd I, whilst I sought nothing more,
But what my trauailes, by great paines obtained;
Now being Ship-wrackt, on thy marble shore,
By Tauernes wrackt, goods spent, gifts farre restrained,
Am forc'd to flee, by miserie constrained:
 Whose ruthles frowns, my modest thoughts haue scatterd
 The swelling sailes of hope, in pieces shatterd.

Some by the rise of small desert so hie,
That on their height, the VVorlde is forc'd to gaze:
Their Fortunes, riper than their yeeres to bee,
May fill the VVorlde with wonder, wonders rayse.
As though there were none ende to smoake their prayse.
 VVell Court, aduance, thy mineons neu'r so much,
 Doe what thou canst, I'le neuer honour such.

Iustlie I know my sad lamenting Muse,
May claime reuenge of thine inconstant state:

Thou

On the Court of Bohemia.

Thou fedst mee with faire showes, then didst abuse,
All, I expect'd, sprung from an heart ingrate.
Whom Fortune once hath raisde, may turne his fate:
In Court whose pride, ambition makes him All,
In ende shall pride, ambition, breede his fall.

VWhen swift-wing'd Time, discloser of all things,
Shall trie the future euent of mens rising,
VWhat admiration to the VVorlde it brings,
To see who made their State, their State surprising,
Whome they with Flattrie stooode, and false entising.
And when they fall, mee thinke I heare these Songes;
The world proclaims, There's them that nurst my wrongs

Thou must not thinke, thy fame shall alwayes flourish,
VWhose Birth once meane, made great by Princelie fauour:
Flowres in their prime, the season sweetlie nourish,
Then in disgrace, they wither, loose their fauour:
So all haue course, whome fortune so will honour.
Looke to thy selfe, and know within, without thee:
Thou rose with flattrie, flattrie dwelles about thee.

Thou cunning Court, cledde in a curious cace,
Seemst to bee that, which thou art not indeed:
Thou maskst thy wordes, with eloquence, no grace,
Hatcht in the craft of thy dissembling head,
And poore Attendantes, with vaine showes doest feede.
Thou promist faire, performing nought at all:
Thy Smiles, are Wrath; thine Honey, bitter Gall.

Curst bee the man, that trustes in thine assuring,
For then himselfe, himselfe shall vndermine:
Griefes are soone gotte, but painefull in induring,
Hopes vnobtaind, make but the hoper pine:

On the Court of Bohemia.

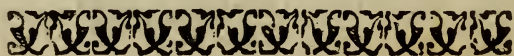
Hopes are like beames, which through dark clouds do shine.
VVhich moue the eyes to looke, the thoughts to swell,
Bring sudden Ioye, then turnes that Ioye, an Hell.

Thise happie hee, who liues a quiet life,
Hee needes not care, thine Enuie, Pride, nor Treason:
His wayes are plaine, his actions voyde of strife,
Sweetelie hee toyles, though painefull in the season,
And makes his Conscience, both his Law and Reason.
Hee sleepe securelie, needes not feare no danger,
Supportes the Poore, and intertaines the Stranger.

And who liues more content, than Sheephardes doe?
VVhose haughtie heads account but Countrey Swanes:
Leaue off, they mount you farre, and scorne you too,
And liue more sweetelie, on Valleyes, Hilles, and Plaines,
Than yee, proude Fooles, for all your puft-up braines:
VVhose heartes contend, to flatter, swell, and gaine,
Ambition choakes your Breasts, Hell breeds your paine.

VVhat art thou COURT? If I can censure duelic,
A masked Playe, where nought appeares but glancing:
And in an homelier sense, to sing more truelie,
A Stage, where Fooles, are daylie in aduancing:
I'll sing no more, for feare of sudden lancing.
For if a *Germane* gape, then I am gone,
Hee drinckes mee at a draught, it's ten to one.

Farewell thou BOHEME Court, thy smallest Traine:
Farewell the meanenesse, of thine highest Stile:
Farewell the Fruites, of my long lookt-for Gaine:
Farewell the Time, that did mine Hopes beguile:
And happie I, if I saw BRITANES Ile.
And whilst I see, my Natiue Soyle, I swear,
I thinke each Houre, a Daye; each Daye, a Yeere.





*To his unknowne, knowne; and knowne, unknowne Loue,
These now knowne Lines, an unknowne Breast shall moue.*

Selfe-flattring I, deceiuer of my selfe,
Opinions Slaue, rul'd by a base Conceate:
VVhose eu'rie winde, naufragiates on the shelve,
Of Apprehension, jealous of my State.
VVho guides mee most, that guide I most misknow,
Suspectes the Shaddow, for a substant Show.

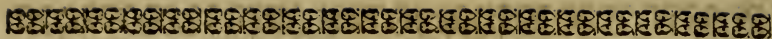
I still receiue, the thing I vomite out,
Conceiues againe imaginarie wracke:
I stable stand, and yet I stand in doubt,
Giues place to one, when two repulles mee backe.
I kindle Fire, and that same Fire I quench,
And swim the deepes, but dare not downward drench.

I griue at this, prolong'd in my desire,
And I rejoyce, that my delay is such:
I trie, and knowes, my tryall may aspire,
But flees the place, that should this time auouch.
In stinging smartes, my sweete conuertes in sowre,
I builde the Hiue, but dare not sucke the Flowre.

Well Honney Combe, since I am so faint hearted,
That I flee backe, when thou vnmaskst thy face:
Thou shalt bee gone, and I must bee decarted,
Such doubtfull stayes enhance, when wee imbrace.
Farewell, wee two, diuided are for euer,
Yet vndiuided, whilst our Soules disseuer.

Thine, as I am mine,

WILLIAM LITHGOW.



A SONNET,

Made by the Pilgrime, when hee was almost Ship-wracked,
betwixt the Iles Arrane and Rossay, anno 1617. Septemb. 9.

WHat foaming Seas, in restlesse hatefull rage,
 Striue to surmatch, the neuer-matched Skies?
 Can bounded Reason, boundlesse VVill not swadge?
 Nor spitefull *Neptune*, pittie my poore cries?
 Now downe to Hell, now vp to Heauen I rise,
 Twixt two Extreames, extremly make debate,
 Heauens thundring winds, my halfe harm'd heart denyes
 All hopd-for helpe, to my hurt haplesse state,
 I am content, Let fortune rule my fate,
 Tymes alt'ring turnes, may change in joye my grieffe,
 Roare foorth yee Stormes, rebell, and bee ingrate,
 I scorne to begge, from *Borean* blastes, reliefe.
 Long-winged Boate, quicke-shake thy trembling oares,
 And correspond these waues, with demi-roares.

He lummo in Plucke
 And eat his brags
 Deuils scorns
 Enter spiritus a uul
 long. En. 1. 1.

*The Pilgrime Entering into the Mouth of
 CLYDE, from ROSSAY, to view DUNBARTANE
 Castle, and LOCHLOWMOND, anno 1617. Septemb. 18.
 Hee saluted his natieue River with these Verses.*

How sweetelie slide the Streames of silent *CLYDE*,
 And smoothlie runne, betweene two bordring Banks:
 Redoubling oft his Course, seemes to abyde,
 To greete my Trauelles, with tenne thousand thanks,
 That I, whose eyes, had view'd so manie Floodes,
 Deign'd to suruey, his deepes, and neigh'ring woods.

Thise famous *Clyde*, I thanke thee for thy greeting,
 Oft haue thy Brethren, easde mee of my paine:
 Two contrarie extreames, wee haue in meeting,

His Farewell to Clyde.

I vpward climbe, and thou fall'st downe amaine.
I search thy Spring, and thou the Westerne Sea:
So farewell Flood, yet stay, and mourne with mee.

Goe steale along with speede, the *Hyberne* shore,
And meete the *Thames*, vpon the *Albion* coast:
Ioyne your two Armes, then fighting both, deplore
The Fortunes, which in *Britane* I haue lost.
And let the *VVater-Nymphes*, and *Neptune* too,
Refraine their mirth, and mourne, as *Riuers* doe.

To thee great *Clyde*, if I disclose my wronges,
I feare to loade thee, with excesse of grieffe:
Then may the Ocean, bereaue thee of my Songes,
And swallow vp thy Plaintes, and my reliefe.
Tell onelie *Isis*, So, and so, and so:
Conceale the trueth, but thunder foorth my woe.

My Bloode, sweete *Clyde*, claimes intrest in thy worth,
Thou in my Birth, I in thy vaprous Beames:
Thy breadth surmountes, the *Tweede*, the *Tay*, the *Forth*,
In pleasures thou excell'st, in gliftring Streames:
Seeke *Scotland* for a Fort, O then *Dunbertaine*!
That for a Trophee standes, at thy Mouth certaine.

Ten miles more vp, thy well-built *Glasgow* standes,
Our second Metrapole, of Sprituall Glore:
A Citie deckt with people, fertile Landes:
VVhere our great King, gotte Welcome, welcomes store:
VVhose Cathedrall, and Steeple, threat the Skies,
And nine archt Bridge, out ou'r thy bosome lies.

And higher vp, there dwelles thy greatest wonder,
Thy chiefeft Patrone, glorie of thy Boundes:

His Farewell to Clyde.

A Noble Marques, whose great Vertues thunder,
An æquiuox backe to thy Pleasant Soundes.

VVhose Greatnesse may command thine head to foote,
From *Aricke* stone, vnto the Ile of *Boote*.

As thou alongst his Palace slides, in haste,
Stay, and salute, his *Marquesadiane Dame*:
That matchlesse Matrone, Mirrour of the VVest,
Deignes to protect, the Honour of thy Name.

So euer famous Flood, yeelde them their duetie,
They are the onelie, Lampes, of thy great Beautie.

And now, faire-bounded Streame, I yet ascende,
To our olde *LANERKE*, situate on thy Bankes :
And for my sake, let *Corhouse Lin* disbende,
Some thundring noyse, to greeete that Towne with thanks.

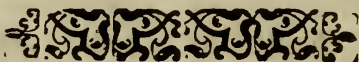
There was I borne: Then *Clyde*, for this my loue,
As thou runnes by, her auncient VVorth approue.

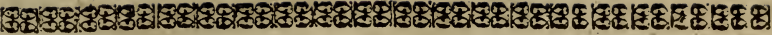
And higher vp, to climbe to *Tinto Hill*,
(The greatest Mountaine, that thy Boundes can seee :)
There stand to circuite, and striue t' runne thy fill,
And smile vpon that Barron dwelles by thee.

Carmichell thy great Friende, whose famous Sire,
In dying, left not, *Scotland*, such a Squire.

In doing these Requestes, I shall commende thee,
To fertile *Nyle*, and to the sandie *Iore*,
And I recorde, The *Danube*, latelie sende thee,
A thousand Greetinges, from his statelie Shore.

Thus, for thy paines, I shall augment thy Glorie;
And write thy Name, in Times Eternall Storie.
So, euer-pleasant Flood, thy losse I feele,
In breathing foorth this worde, Deare *Clyde*, Fareweele.




 The Heremites Welcome ,
To the Pilgrimes thirde Pilgrimage.

NO W long-worne Pilgrime, in this Vale of Teares,
 Thrife welcome, to thy thrife austiere Assayes:
 In thee, my second selfe, it well appears,
 For in thy Mappe, I see my pensive Wayes.
 I liue alone, vpon this desart Mount,
 And thou comst fourth alone, as thou wast wont.

Mee thinkes thou seem'st a solitarie man,
 That, for some sorrowe, hadst forsooke thy Soyle:
 Or else, some long-made Vowe, which makes thee than
 To vnder-take this miserie of Toyle.
 Faine would I aske, the cause, why thou dost wander?
 But thy sadde showe, doth seeme, no count to rander.

Yet in thine heauie Face, I see thy paine,
 Thine hollow Eyes, deepe sunken in thine Head:
 Whose pale clapt Cheekes, and wrinckled Browes againe,
 Show mee what grieffe, difasters, in thee breede.
 Thy sight, poore wretch, telles me thou hast no pleasure,
 In Rest, in Toyle, in Life, nor worldlie treasure.

So happie thou, sit downe heere by my side,
 And rest thy selfe, thy paine is wondrous sore:
 For I, I still, in this one place doe bide,
 But thou all-where, thy Pennance dost explore:
 Thou neuer supst, nor dynst, into one parte,
 Nor ly'st two nightes, vnchanging of thine airte.

Thy life is harde, I must confesse, deare Brother,
 For where I liue, my Friendes dwell heere about mee:

But

The Heremites Welcome,

But in thy change, thou seeft now one, now other,
And all are Strangers, that each day may doubt thee.

I judge the caufe of this, good GOD relieue thee:
To fee a Soule fo vext, it quite doth grieue mee.

My folitarie life, is harde indeede,
And I chaftize my felfe with hungrie Fare:
On Hearbes, raw Rootes, on Snailes, and Frogges I feede:
And what GOD giues mee, frellie I it share.

Three dayes in eight, I faft, for my Soules better,
And in this time, I feede on Bread and VVater.

All this is nought to thine, with mine I reft:
For thou muft toyle, and faft againft thy will.
If it fall late, then thou muft runne in hafte,
To feeke thy Lodging, fortunate, but Skill.

I haue the shelter of this Her'mitage,
But vniuerfall is thy Pilgrimage.

Alace, deare Sonne! I mourne to fee thy life,
Though in the paffions of thy paines thou joyes:
VVouldft thou turne Hermite, thou mightft end thy ftife,
My Fare is rude, but Prayer mee imployes.

Reft, reft, and reft, the Heauens as foone they wonne,
That reft with mee, as they all-where that runne.

Yet I confesse, thy Pennance doth excede,
My merite farre, wonne by thefe aultiere meanes:
For thou with *Turkes*, and *Paganes*, eat'ft thy Bread,
Hafte feare of death, when thou none other weanes.

They plague thy Purfe, and Hunger plagues thy Bellie,
VVhiles in this Cottage, I contentment swellie.

I fee no stormie Seas, ywhere Pirates liue:
No Murthrer dare encroach vpon my State:

I feare no Thiefe, nor at wilde Beastes doe grieue:
I neede not buy, nor spende, nor lende, nor frate.

All these, and manie moe, attende thy wayes:
Ah, poore slaine *Pilgrime*, so the *Hermite* sayes.

Thou seemst to bee, of some farre Northerne Nation,
And I doe maruell, that thou walkst alone:
Good Companie, should bee thy chiefe Solation,
For thou hast Plaines, and Hilles, to wander on:
Long Woods, and Defartes, eu'rie where must finde:
Hadst thou a second, thou hadst a quiet minde.

But wandring Sonne, these thinges no more I touch,
I must refresh thee, with some *Hermites* cheare:
For I, poore I, can heere afforde but such,
As Hearbes, raw Rootes, browne Bread, and Water cleare.
Yet, if thou wilt conceale this gift of mine,
I haue good Flesh, good Fish, good Bread, good Wine.

Although to common *Pilgrimes* I not show it,
Yet for *Ierusalem*, which thou hast seene,
Thou shalt haue part, although the World should know it,
Thou art as holie, as euer I haue beene.
So welcome, Sonne, welcome to mee. I sweare:
Thou shalt finde more with mee, than *Tauerne* cheare.

Heere on this greene growne Hill, I spreade my Table,
Well couerd ou'r, with Leaues of diuerse sortes:
Who say that *Hermites* fast, is but a fable,
Wee haue the best, the Peasantes haue the Ortes.
And *Pilgrime* holde thy peace, wee shall bee merrie.
For heere's good Vine, which tastes of the true *Berrie*.

Fill, and content, thy long desires apace,
And bee not shamefast, *Pilgrimes* must bee forthie:
Wee *Hermites* seldome vse to say a Grace:
To pray too much at Meate, that's vnworthie.
And what thou leau'st, thy *Budget* shall possesse,
I cannot want, when thou mayst finde distresse.

The Heremites Welcome,

And there a Carrouse, of the sweetest Wyne,
That growes twixt *Piemont*, and *Callabrian* shore;
Hast thou enough? nowe tell me, all is thine,
When this is done, I'll finde another Bore:

And giue me out thy *Callabaſt* to fill,
That thou mayst drinke, when thou discends this hill.

Thus pensue Pilgrime, thy humble Hermite greetes thee,
And yet me thinkes, thou lookes not like a *Frater*,
If thou be Catholike, my Soule shee treats thee,
For this good worke of mine, to say a *Pater*:

Thou seemes to smyle, and will not fall a Prayer,
I lay my life, thou art a meere betrayer.

O Pilgrimagious sonne, now faith, I knowe thee,
At *Mount Serata*, nyne yeares past and more,
I askd at thee, VVhat wast thou? VVho did owe thee?
And thou reply'd, A stranger seeking Ore.

I answer'd, Hermits, neuer keepe no Golde,
O Pilgrime now, on faith, now you are folde.

How dar'st thou man, within our bounds repara?
An Hereticke, would make a Christian show:
Hast thou no conscience, for thy Soule to care?
There is but one way, to the Heauens wee know.

And wilt thou liue a Schismatike or Atheist?
No rather Pilgrime, turne with mee a Papist.

Our ghostly father, Christes Vicare on earth,
Is highly with thy old done deeds displeas'd:
And I doe knowe, for all thy showe of mirth,
If thou be found, these trickes can not be meas'd:

A suddaine blast, will blow thee in the aire,
Therefore when free, to saue thy life beware.

And yet it seemes, thou car'st not what I speake,
But thinkes me damn'd, for all my poore profession;
I stand in doubt my selfe, the trueth I seeke,

To his third Pirgrimage.

And of my life, there is my true confession:

When I was young, luxurious vice I lou'd,
Libidinous, abhominably mou'd.

I know, thou knowst, what Priests doe, with young boyes;
It is a common sinne, in young and old;

O strange, gainst Nature, man his lust employes!

They seeme as Saincts, and Hell-hounds are enrold:

Their filthie deeds, make my poore conscience tremble,
And with Religion, gainst my heart dissemble.

I will be plaine, I am thy Countrey man,
And father *Thomson* is my Christiane name;

In *Angus* was I borne, but after when

I left the Schooles, to *Italy* I came:

And first turn'd Frier, of great Sainct *Francis* Order,
But loathing that, turn'd Hermite on this Border.

Know'st thou Father *Mophet*, that Iesuit Priest?

As I heare say, hee lay in Prison long:

It's saide, that once hee should haue thee confest:

If not, the VVorlde wide voyce, doth thee wrong.

And Father *Crichton*, is hee yet aliuie?

For Lecherie, they say, hee could not thriue.

And I heare say, that Father *Gray* is dead,

And Father *Gordon*, drawes neare to his Graue,

And Father *White*, at *Rhynsberg* hath great neede;

And Father *Browne*, would seeme to play the Knaue:

And Father *Hebron*, wee call *Bonaaventure*,

Hee studies more than his Wittes well may venture.

They say, Father *Anderson* hath left *Rome*,

For strife, which in our *Scots* Colledge fell out,

And Father *Leslie*, hee doth brooke his Roome:

There none of them, dealt honestlie, I doubt.

Our young *Scots* Studentes, they hunger to the heart,

The Pope allowes good meanes, and they it part,

The Heremites Welcome.

That Iesuit *Greene*, in *Wolmets* is come rich,
And Father *Cumming*, in *Venice's* gone madde;
And *Lylle*, at *Bridges*, is become a VVretch.
For *Ogelbie*, alace, I must bee sadde :

They say at *Glasgow*, hee was hanged there :
Hee's now a Martyr, so *Romane* VVrits declare.

That *Veizen* Bishop, of the *Chiffome* Blood,
Hath Noble Partes, and worthie of his Breath:
Hee is benigne, and kinde, and still doth good
To Passengers, vnasking of their Faith.

And Curate *Wallace*, is a louing Priest:
But Father *Rob*, at *Antwerpe*, playes the Beast.

Thou canst not tell, how Signior *Ferrier* grees,
VVith *Dauid Chambers*, where in *Rome* they dwell:
Ferrier is false, and takes the Pilgrimes Fees,
And *Chambers* makes a show the Pope to tell.

They say in *Rome*, as manie *Scots* they bee,
The one high hanged, would the other see.

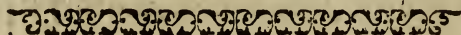
Alace, if I might safelie Home returne,
My Conscience knowes, the time that I haue spent,
And if they would accept mee, I should mourne,
In publicke show, and priuate to repent.

Alace, alace, wee're Hypocrites each one,
VVee make a Show, Religion wee haue none.

So, to bee briefe, deare Friends, my Counsell take,
Treade not in *Italie*, *Portugall*, or *Spaine* :

These Hellish Priestes, of whom I mention make,
VVill striue to catch thee, to thy deare-bought paine.

Goe all-where else, but not within those Boundes,
These Gospellers, are blooddie hunting Houndes.
So farewell sonne, GOD guide thee where thou wanders,
And saue thy Soule from harme, thy Life from slanders,



To the Noble, Illustrious, and Honourable
LORDS,

LODOWICKE, DVKE OF LENNOXE, &c.

IAMES, MARQVES OF HAMMILTON, &c.

GEORGE, MARQVES OF HUNTLEY, &c.

TO you great three, three greatest next our Crowne,
This smallest mite (though weake in meane) I bring:
Three *Noble Peeres*, true Objects of Renowne,
Strong Columnes, still to whom the *Muses* sing.
Two in the *West*, diuided by a Flood,
The other Patrone in the *North* for good.

First thou, braue Duke, on *Clydes* North-coasted Bankes,
(The *Lennox* Landes, thy chiefeft Stile, their Glorie,)
Dost there illustrate, all inferiour Rankes,
Foorth from thy loue, their standinges, settle more:
Thrise happie *Duke*, in whome the Heauens enshrine,
True humane Vertues, Faculties diuine.

And now, bright Pole, of our Antarticke *Clyde*,
Mirroure of Vertue, Glorie of these Boundes:
In thee, the Worths of thine Ancestors byde,
VVhose Greatnesse, Honour, to this Land redoundes.
So as thou liu'st, great Marques, great in Might,
This *Albions* Orbe, admire, adore, thy sight.

And thou, Chiefe Marques, in the Noble *North*,
(Their Articke-Splending Light, their Hemi-sphere)
VVhat shines in thee? But wonders of great worth?

For

For from thy selfe, true Chrystall Giftes appeare.
The glorious GORDONS, Guerdon of thy Name,
Thou art their *Trophee*, they maintaine thy Fame.

Thus in you three, three matchlesse Subjectes great,
I humblie heere, intombe, my *Muse*, my Paines:
Next to our triple Lampes, your triple State,
Is plac'd, in which true honourd VVorth remains.
So from your Greatnesse, let some fauour shine,
To shaddow my Farewels, my rude Engine.

Your Lo. most Obsequious, &c.

William Lithgow.



AN ELEGIE,
Containing the Pilgrimes most humble
Farewell to his Natiue and neuer
conquered Kingdome of SCOTLAND.

*Tu vero, O mea Tellus, & Genitorum Patria
Vale: Nam viro licet plurimum malis obruatur
Nullum est suavius solum, quam quod nutriuit eum.*

TO thee, O dearest Soyle, these mourning Lines I bring,
And with a broken bleeding Breast, my sad Farewell I sing,
Nowe melting Eyes dissolue, O windie Sighes disclose,
The airie Vapoures of my grieffe, sprung from my watrie woes:
And let my Dying-day, no sorrow vncontrole,
Since on the Planets of my Plaintes, I moue about the Pole.
Shall I, O restlesse I, still thwarting, runne this round?
Whiles resting Mortalles restlesse Mount, I mouldarize the ground
And in my wandring long, in pleasure, paine, and grieffe,
Begges mercie of the mercieleesse of sorrow, sorrowes chiefe.

Sith

The Pilgrimes Farewell to Scotland.

*Sith after two Returnes, my merites are forgot,
The third shall ende, or else repaire, my long estranging Lot.
Then kindlie come distresse, a Figge for Forraine care,
I gladlie in Extreames must walke, whiles on this masse I fare.
The Moorish frowning face, the Turkish awfull brow,
The Sarafene and Arabe blowes, poore I, must to them bow.
These Articles of Woe, my Monster-breeding paine,
As Pencilles on my poore state, unwisht for, shall remaine.
Thus fraught with bitter Cares, I close my Malecontentes,
Within this Kalendar of Griefe, to memorize my Plaines.
And to that VVesterne Soyle, where Gallus once did dwell,
To Gallowedian Barrons I, impart this my Farewell.
A Forraine Debt I owe, braue Garlees, to thy worth,
And to my Genrouis Kenmure Knight, more than I can sing forth
To Bombee I assigne, lowe Homage for his loue:
And to Barnebarough kinde & wise, a breast whiles breath may
Vnto the worthy Boyde, in Scotland, first in France, (moue.
I owe effectes of true good-will, a low-laide countenance.
And thou graue Lowdon Lord, I honour with the best,
And on the Noble Eglinton, my strong affections rest.
Kilmaers I admire, for quicke and readie wit:
And graue Glencarne, his Father deare, on honours top doth sit:
And to thee gallant Rosse, well seene in Forraine partes,
I sacrifice a Pilgrimes loue, amongst these Noble heartes.
From Carlile vnto Clyde, that Southwest shore I know:
And by the way, Lord Harreis I, remembrance duelic owe.
In that small progresse I, surneying all the VVest,
Euen to your Houses, one by one, my Lodging I adrest:
Your kindnesse I imbrac'd, as not ingrate, The same
I memorize to future times, in eternized fame.
Amongst these long Goodnightes, farewell yee Poets deare,
Graue Menstrie true Castalian fire, quicke Drummond in his
Braue Murray ahis dead, Aiton supplies his place, (spheare.
And Alens high Pernassian weine, rare Poems doth embrace.*

There's

The Pilgrimes Farewell to Scotland.

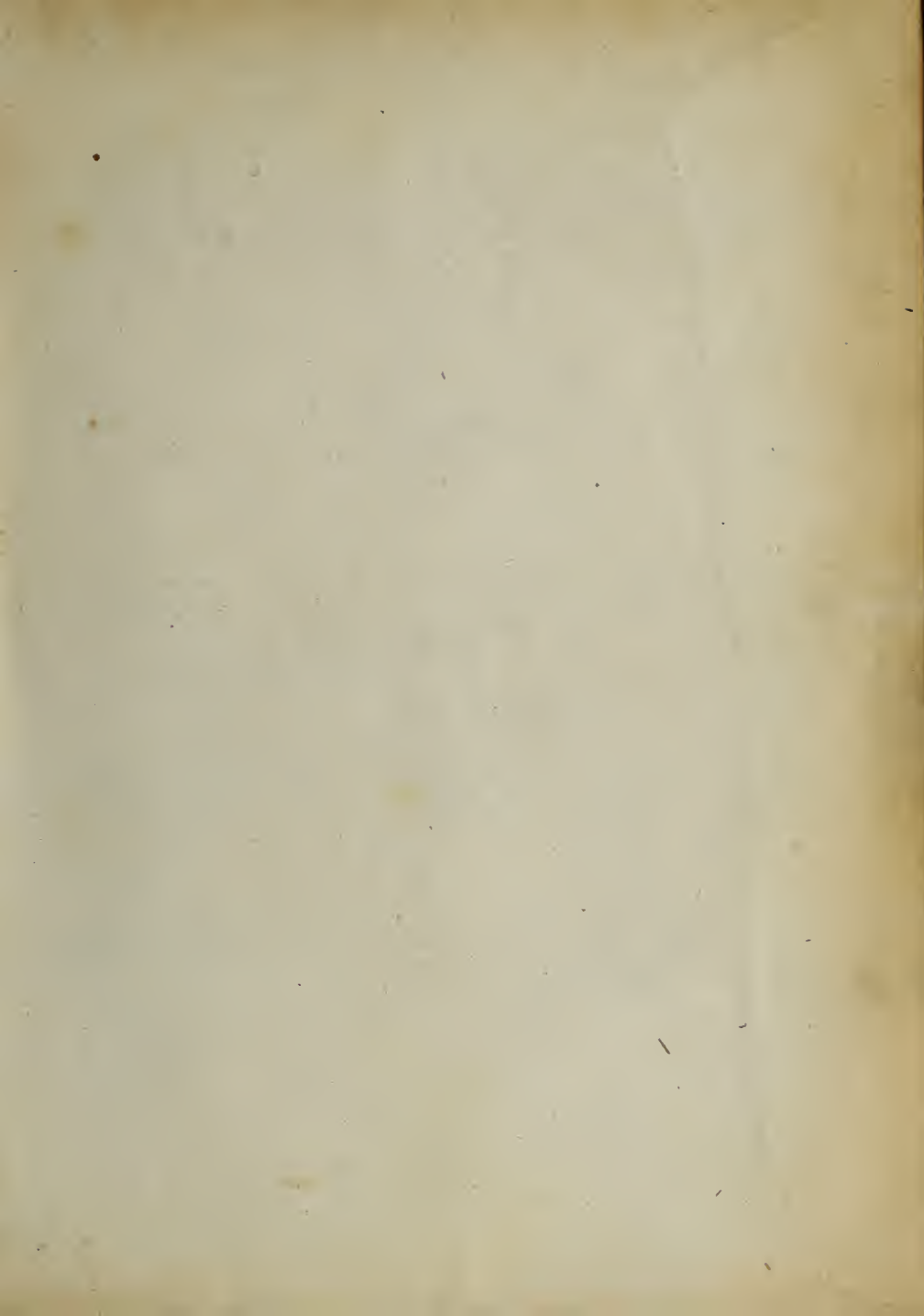
There's manie moe well knowne, whome I cannot explaine,
And Gordon, Semple, Maxwell too, haue the Pernassian veine
And yee Colledgians all, the fruites of Learning graue
To you I consecrate my Loue, enstalde amongst the leaue.
First to you Rectors, I, and Regentes, homage make,
Then from your spiring Breasts, braue Youths, my leaue I humbly
And, Scotland, I attest, my Witnesse reignes aboue, (take.
In all my Worlde-wide wandring wayes, I kept to thee my Loue:
To manie Forraine Breastes, in these exyling Dayes,
In sympathizing Harmonies, I sung thine endlesse Praise.
And where thou wast not knowne, I registred thy Name,
Within their Annalles of Renowne, to eternize thy Fame.
And this twise haue I done, in my twise long Assayes,
And now the third time thrise I wil, thy Name vnconquerd raise.
Yea, I will stampe thy Badge, and seale it with my Blood:
And if I die in thy Defence, I thinke mine Ende is good.
So dearest Soyle, O deare, I sacrifice now see,
Euen on the Altar of mine Heart, a spotlesse Loue to thee.
And Scotland now farewell, farewell for manie Yeares:
This Eccho of Farewell bringes out, from mee, a world of teares.

*Dulce et duorum
est pro patria mori*

Magnum virtutis principium est, ut dixit paulatim exercitatus
animus visibilia & transitoria primum commutare, ut post-
modum possit derelinquere. Delicatus ille est adhuc, cui
patria dulcis est; fortis autem jam, cui omne solum patria
est; perfectus vero, cui mundus exilium est,

F I N I S.







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